

Good Morning 636

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ldg. Sto. John
Collett—your
letter is answered

J. M. MICHAELSON tells how

BRITISH BELLS RING ROUND THE WORLD

THE British firm of bell-founders which made the famous Liberty Bell of Philadelphia in 1752, offered as a gesture of friendship to the American people to recast it so that it can once more ring out as it did in 1776 at the celebration of the Declaration of Independence.

Bell-founding is an ancient art in Britain and there are hundreds of ancient bells in English churches giving "England's sweetest melody," as change ringing has been called. It is traditionally a "family" business.

In the 18th century the Rudal family cast 3,594 bells in a hundred years.

To-day science has entered into the craft and the secret of correct tuning of bells discovered by Canon Fittleworth, of Sussex, just before the last war gave British founders an enormous advantage. With the improvement in methods of transport enabling huge pieces of metal to be shipped, British bells began to go all over the world; and between the wars, the largest bell-founders increased their output by hundreds per cent.

During the war the metals necessary for bells—copper and tin in the proportion of 13 to 4—have been necessarily used for sterner purposes, but no doubt afterwards Britain will again assume her premier place as the home of fine bells.

Amongst the famous sets of bells made between the wars may be mentioned the 72-bell carillon transported across the Atlantic for the Riverside Drive Church in New York.

The largest set of bells yet made, this weighed a total of 102 tons. The largest bell weighed 20 tons.

Then there was the very fine 49-bell carillon made for the New Zealand War Memorial in Wellington. This was set up and played in Hyde Park before being shipped.

Another great carillon was the 53 bells made for the Ottawa Parliament buildings,

with inscriptions in French and English. The Bourdon or bass bell weighed 10 tons. Bells even went to Holland and Belgium, the home of carillons.

The secret which made British bells the only perfect ones in the world was the discovery how to tune so that all five notes of the bell are in harmony. A bell gives in addition



"Care for a nip of Scotch, Fred? Just to encourage the party spirit!"

tion to its "strike" or principal note, the "nominal," an octave above the "hum," the "tierce" or third, and the "Quint" or fifth.

In the old days there was no certain way of producing these notes in harmony. The bell founders tuned the "strike" note, and had to leave the others to look after themselves, which meant there was a great deal of luck in the business and very few bells were perfect, while many were unpleasant.

A bell is cast by using two moulds. The inner one, or core,

is constructed of brick on a baseplate. Round the brick is built up layer upon layer of loam in which straw has been mixed until the desired shape and size has been reached.

The shaping is helped by boards that can be rotated—the effect is that of the potter's wheel except that it is the boards and not the "pot" that rotates. The outer mould or "case," as it is technically called has an iron frame inside which the shape is built up with loam in the same way.

When the desired shape has been obtained, any lettering or engraving on the bell is impressed.

In the old days it was usual for each bell to be given a name with some ceremony—usually the name of a saint if it were to be hung in a church, and priests even conducted an "unveiling" service not unlike baptism, the bell being clothed in white.

To-day the wording is usually either a short text or a note of the occasion of the founding. Many old bells have interesting rhymes impressed upon them:—

Samuel Knight made this ring
In Binstead steeple for to ding. 1695.

Contrary to popular belief, there is no silver in bell metal. The greatest care and craftsmanship is required if the bell is to be perfect, and days of labour are not to be wasted by air bubbles or a crack. The metal is allowed to cool. The straw in the loam serves a useful purpose. It is burned by the great heat and absorbs any moisture which might start a crack.

When the bell has cooled and the moulds are removed, the business of tuning starts. Formerly this was a matter of chipping out bits of metal from the inside or outside.

The secret discovered by Canon Fittleworth was exactly where to shave the metal away to tune the different notes.

There are two ways in which bells can be made to sound. They can either be struck by a

clapper inside or hit with a hammer outside. The former is the traditional English style and the basis of "change ringing." The hammer method is used in carillon playing, formerly almost confined to certain parts of the Continent, but now becoming popular in all parts of the world.



The carillon player has a "keyboard" like that of a piano except that the "keys" are knobs of wood which he or she—one of the best players is a woman—strike with a gloved hand.

Not only pieces adapted from the piano, but also pieces specially written for bells can be played, and the virtuosity of the best players is astonishing.

The carillon player is helped by having the bass notes played by pedals as in an organ.

It is possible to have electro-pneumatic playing, in which case a keyboard like that of a piano is used, the lightest touch sufficing to strike the bell. With this system, it is possible to use recorded music as with a pianola. The largest hammers may weigh 4 cwt.

Change-ringing is a peculiarly British art, carried from the homeland to the colonies. Each member of the team has one bell and the order in which the bells are rung is changed. The number of possible changes with a peal of bells mounts rapidly.

Five bells give 120 possible changes, seven bells give 5,040 and twelve bells give nearly 480,000,000—a number that would take the adult lifetime of a change-ringer to complete, even if he never stopped for sleep or meals!

There have been some remarkable feats in change-ringing. A "peal" consists of not less than 5,000 changes and takes about 3 hours 50 minutes to complete. The "conductor" calls "Bob" when the order of ringing is to be changed, but some years ago a Birmingham team rang a four-hour silent peal, that is to say, no word or direction was given at any time—an astonishing feat of memory as well as physical endurance.

THE day your letter arrived a reporter went out to Harefield, Leading Stoker John Collett. At 17, Church Hill, he found the family enjoying an evening meal, and he didn't need a second invitation to join in.

Your mother and father were both at home, of course. The headman is still constantly working for the Council, and your mother keeps things moving at the shop. They were both health-

a particular boy friend yet, but she's moving around.

Janet is pretty pleased with life because it looks like Harry will be home soon. Brian and Geoffrey are getting to the mischievous age so she's kept busy.

Mickie and Dickie have been upsetting routine recently so it's probable that you will be asked to put them through the mangle when you get home. The folk think that will give you a lot of fun.

From home to Hillingdon,

ily tired the evening we called, and delighted to hear from you.

Young Eddie was on parade too; he's the pride of the street now he's passed another first aid exam, and at school he's excelling himself, too.

Joan has just started work now, and she's doing pretty well. She's happy now that she's working because it means she is permitted to use a little make-up in the evenings!

Cyril and Harry are getting along pretty well—letters from all over the globe arrive quite frequently from them both, so your folk are quite happy.

Betty, as you know, is helping your mother at the shop. She doesn't seem to have found

and we have news of the girlfriend. Irene Malmstrom is looking forward to your next letter and longing for your return home. She says it seems like a lifetime since she saw you last.

On the timetable for your next leave will be a visit to the fair. And, who knows, you may have a gill at the Swan and Bottle across the road.

Talking of wallop, we had a pint at the pub up the hill. It was as nice a drop of bitter as we could recall having had. The landlord sends his greetings to you.

And with his good wishes, to which are added the loving messages from all at home, we end your personal news letter. Good Hunting, John.

1s. Bid Started Sale of Wife

IT was a common fallacy among uneducated people in the early years of the last century that a man could dissolve his marriage and be rid of his wife by putting her up for public auction.

In 1832, a farmer, named Joseph Thomson, announced by the Carlisle Town Crier that he would offer his wife for sale at twelve o'clock, and at that time he appeared, leading the woman by a rope of straw round her neck. He set her up on a chair in the market place, and, after relating her faults and good points, started the bidding at fifty shillings.

But the sale made slow progress, and after vainly trying to get his price for about an hour, Thomson eventually accepted the bid of one, Henry Mears, of twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog. Apparently the wife was no

less pleased with the bargain than was the wife-seller. She is said to have gone off quite happily with her new master—Thomson, with the cash jingling in his pocket and the dog at his heels, walking off in the opposite direction.

In 1815 a Pontefract man put his wife up for auction, with a starting bid of one shilling. She was sold for eleven.

An even cheaper wife was "knocked down" to the highest bidder at Canterbury in 1820.

A man, living at the village of Broughton, took this way of getting rid of an incompatible marriage. A young man of Canterbury bought her for five bob.

A much better sale was that of a woman in 1835. Her husband got fifteen pounds for her. The wife outlived her first and second husband, and married a third.

There was a set-back to the

selling of wives when a man was sentenced to a month's hard labour at the West Riding of Yorkshire Assizes in 1837 for attempting to sell his wife. But as late as 1859 a Dudley (Staffs) man took sixpence for his wife at a public sale.

There are no known instances of a wife selling her husband in this manner, but there is a case on record of a married man leasing himself to another woman.

This strange affair was revealed at the Birmingham Police Court in 1853. The man had deserted his wife, and, in return for a sum of money, had had a document drawn up by a lawyer, whereby he was bound to live with, and work for, the new "wife."

The lawyer who drew up the document got a pretty hot reprimand from the judge.

D. N. K. Bagnall

HOME TOWN GOSSIP

JUST over 53 years ago, Frank Bailey, son of a former village blacksmith at Frogham, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, went to work for a fortnight in the smithy at Beaulieu, in the heart of the New Forest, to oblige the blacksmith there, as he was short-handed.

Frank has been at Beaulieu ever since and, at the age of 75, has just downed tools. He had intended retiring when he was 70, but there was a war on, so he carried on for five more years until he felt he was no longer able to tackle the heavy work.

Now, in their cosy cottage facing up Beaulieu's picturesque High-street, Frank and his wife, who have been married 51 years, are sitting back after a strenuous working life. His slender build belying the

description which song and poem have given to the village blacksmith, Frank sits in an easy chair and waxes reminiscent.

"The last war was my busiest time," he says. "One day I put as many as 37 shoes on horses and mules; that was my record. I had to start work at daybreak and sometimes keep on practically all night."

The veteran has done a hundred-and-one different jobs in his smithy—for the village blacksmith is the village handyman. He once shod a cow for a local veterinary surgeon to counteract lameness, and the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, a pioneer motorist, often used to get Frank to help him in making devices for early motor-cars. Many fire-screens he has made now adorn the homes of wealthy Americans.

Suite Homes and Their Romance

By O. HENRY

FEW young couples in the Big-City-of-Bluff began their married existence with greater promise of happiness than did Mr. and Mrs. Claude Turpin.

Turpin's income was 200 dollars per month. On pay day, after calculating the amounts due for rent, instalments on furniture and piano, gas, and bills owed to the florist, confectioner, milliner, tailor, wine merchant and cab company, the Turpins would find that they still had 200 dollars left to spend. How to do this is one of the secrets of metropolitan life.

Turpin lunched downtown. He came home at six to dress for dinner. They always dined out. They strayed from the chop-house to chop-sueydom, from terrace to table d'hôte, from rathskeller to roadhouse, from cafe to casino, from Maria's to the Martha Washington.

The Turpins were therefore happy. They made many warm

and delightful friends, some of whom they remembered the next day. Their home life was an ideal one, according to the rules and regulations of the Book of Bluff.

There came a time when it dawned upon Turpin that his wife was getting away with too much money. If you belong to the near-swell class in the Big City, and your income is 200 dollars per month, and you find at the end of the month, after looking over the bills for current expenses, that you yourself have spent 150 dollars, you very naturally wonder what has become of the other 50 dollars. So you suspect your wife. And perhaps you give her a hint that something needs explanation.

"I say, Vivien," said Turpin, one afternoon, when they were enjoying in rapt silence the peace and quiet of their cosy apartment, "you've been creating a hiatus big enough for a dog to crawl through in this month's honorarium. You haven't been paying your

The Turpins' income was 200 dollars a month. After calculating how much they owed, they still had 200 dollars to spend. But when you yourself only spend 150 you very naturally wonder what has become of the other 50 dollars. So Turpin suspected his wife.

dressmaker anything on account, have you?"

There was a moment's silence. No sounds could be heard except the breathing of the fox-terrier and the subdued, monotonous sizzling of Vivien's fulvous locks against the insensate curling irons.

"Claudie, dear," said she, touching her finger to her ruby tongue and testing the unresponsive curling irons, "you do me an injustice. Mme. Toinette has not seen a cent of mine since the day you paid your tailor ten dollars on account."

Turpin's suspicions were allayed for the time. But one day soon there came an anonymous letter to him that read:

"Watch your wife. She is blowing in your money secretly. I was a sufferer just as you

key from his pocket and un- must be something queer going locked it. The two men en- on here."

They found themselves in a large room, occupied by twenty or twenty-five elegantly clothed ladies. Racing charts hung against the walls, a ticker clicked in one corner; with a telephone receiver to his ear, a man was calling out the various positions of the horses in a very exciting race. The occupants of the room looked up at the intruders; but, as if reassured by the sight of the captain's uniform, they reverted their attention to the man at the telephone.

"You see," said the captain to Turpin, "the value of an anonymous letter! No high-minded and self-respecting gentleman should consider one worthy of notice."

"Is your wife among this assembly, Mr. Turpin?"

"She is not," said Turpin. "And if she was," continued the captain, "would she be within the reach of the tongue of slander? These ladies constitute a Browning Society. They meet to discuss the meaning of the great poet. The telephone is connected with Boston, whence the parent society transmits frequently its interpretations of the poems. Be ashamed of yer suspicions, Mr. Turpin."

"Go soak your shield," said Turpin. "Vivien knows how to take care of herself in a pool-room. She's not dropping anything on the ponies. There

"Nothing but Browning," said the captain. "Hear that?"
"Thanatopsis by a nose," drawled the man at the telephone.
"That's not Browning; that's Longfellow," said Turpin, who sometimes read books.
"Back to the pasture!" exclaimed the captain. "Longfellow made the pacing-to- (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 634

1. Dulce is a musical term, kind of seaweed, drink, fine plaster, dress material?
2. What kinds of creatures are (a) white-hound, (b) white-throat, (c) white-side?
3. Who invented the modern type of telephone and what was his nationality?
4. What English Queen reigned only 14 days? When?
5. On what river is the town of Lincoln situated?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—A. W, U, E, C, Y, I, O.

1. French physicist.
2. May blossom.
3. (a) Crime of setting fire to a building, (b) kind of porcupine.
4. Wool and cotton.
5. Ruskin accused Whistler.
6. Astrology is not a science but a superstition; others are sciences.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Africa Star? Take another look, sir. Egg and tomato ketchup!"

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



ON account of I'm nesting, my bride-to-be took me down the Lane again the other Sunday morning.

Greeting me, as I entered Petticoat Lane, was a row of blue suits; I had never seen so many shades of blue in my life, and in the middle of them was the vendor, dressed in orange.

A few yards further on I met a very nice man; he offered to do me a good turn by selling me a pair of braces, and all I had to do was place three half-crowns in his palm.

There was a very noisy chap nearby; he was selling pills that cured every ailment in the world. His method was to talk about Hitler and Beveridge and the bus services and Gracie Fields, then spring upon his awe-struck listeners and demand ninepence for a packet of purple cachous.

It made me think, when, an hour later, I saw him drive off in a luxurious Studebaker.

A crowd of ex-Servicemen were playing hymns, and business for them was good, incredibly so, in fact, in view of very strong opposition in the nature of a gramophone which was wailing "Blues in the Night." (Have you ever heard that classic played against "Onward, Christian Soldiers"?)

For those with higher musical taste, a hag was selling song books, which included "Yanky Doodle and 200 more."

I was standing at a hair oil stall and was shoved with the crowd along to the "Sarsaparilla" stand. I paid for a drink, and was wafted back to the hair oil stand. That went on several times, until at last I just grabbed a glass and drank. I wish I knew whether it was bay rum or sarsaparilla I drank. It was very tasty. And my hair certainly seems to have taken on a new gloss recently.

But that's the luck of the Lane. When I left I was laden with curtains, a cruet, a lampshade, and a toffee apple.

Good fun, this home-building. Don't you think?



Doctor: "You'll have a different woman when your wife comes out of the hospital."

Sailor: "Yeah? What if she finds out?"

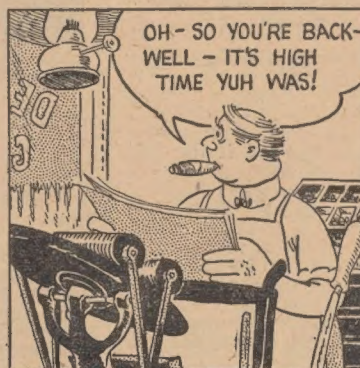
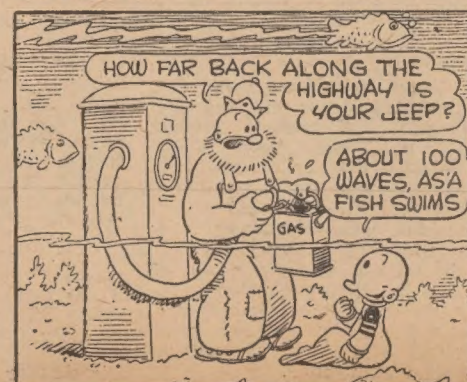
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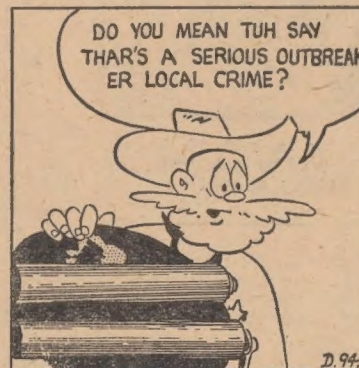
BELINDA



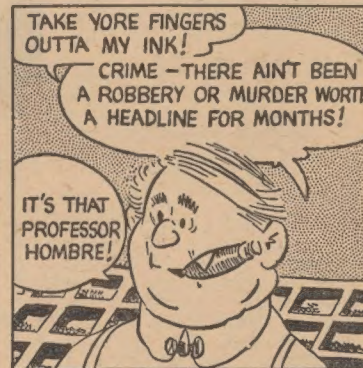
POPEYE



BUT BULLDOZER'S EVIL GENIUS HAS ALREADY MADE HIS ESCAPE-NURSING HIS INJURED JAW...



GEE!-I HOPE THE N.F.S. WILL SAVE THE STORES-AFTER ALL THIS...



CAN I 'ELP YER 'OLD THE BRANCH, SIR?—COR BLIMEY!—DAD!!!



IS THEY A CAFE HERE, MR. NEPPY TUNE? BEST ONE ON ROUTE 78, SWEET PEAS



CLOSE THAT SCREEN DOOR BEHIND YOU, I'M TRYING TO KEEP THOSE MINNOWS OUT



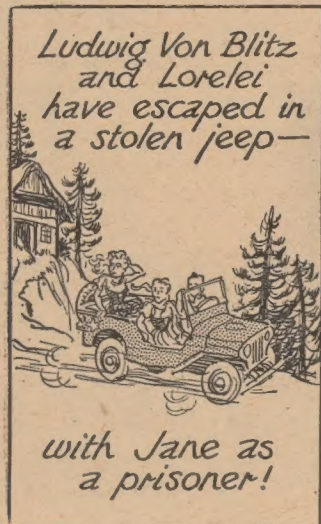
Wangling Words No. 519

1. Behead a kind of hedge and get an animal.
2. Here are two mottoes of which the words, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Can you distangle them?—
Veern no ti uto pheanp ro yam teg egt.
3. What girl's name has T for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I don't like the — of that —; send for the piano-tuner.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 574

1. S-teak.
2. Even a worm will turn.
3. AtHENS.
4. Late, tale.

JANE



Suite Homes and Their Romance

(Continued from Page 2)

wagon record of 7.53 'way back in 1868."

"I believe there's something queer about this joint," repeated Turpin.

"I don't see it," said the captain.

"I know it looks like a pool-room, all right," persisted Turpin, "but that's all a blind. Vivien has been dropping a lot of coin somewhere. I believe there's some underhanded work going on here."

A number of racing sheets were tacked close together, covering a large space on one of the walls. Turpin, suspicious, tore several of them down. A door, previously hidden, was revealed. Turpin placed an ear to the crack and listened intently. He heard the soft hum of many voices, low and guarded laughter, and a sharp, metallic clicking and scraping as if from a multitude of tiny but busy objects.

"My God! It is as I feared!" whispered Turpin to himself. "Summon your men at once!" he called to the captain. "She is in there, I know."

At the blowing of the captain's whistle the uniformed plain-clothes men rushed up the stairs into the pool-room. When they saw the betting paraphernalia distributed around they halted, surprised and puzzled to know why they had been summoned.

But the captain pointed to the locked door and bade them break it down. In a few moments they demolished it with the axes they carried. Into the other room sprang Claude Turpin, the captain at his heels.

The scene was one that lingered long in Turpin's mind. Nearly a score of women—women expensively and fashionably clothed, many beautiful and of refined appearance—had been seated at little

marble-topped tables. When the police burst open the door they shrieked and ran here and there like gaily plumed birds that had been disturbed in a tropical grove. Some became hysterical; one or two fainted; several knelt at the feet of the officers and besought them for mercy on account of their families and social position.

A man who had been seated behind a desk had seized a roll of currency as large as the ankle of a Paradise Roof Gardens chorus girl and jumped out of the window. Half-a-dozen attendants huddled at one end of the room, breathless from fear.

Upon the table remained the damning and incontrovertible evidences of the guilt of the habitués of that sinister room—dish after dish heaped high with ice-cream, and surrounded by stacks of empty ones, scraped to the last spoonful.

"Ladies," said the captain to his weeping circle of prisoners, "I'll not hold any of yez. Some of yez I recognise as having fine houses and good standing in the community, with hard-working husbands and children at home. But I'll read ye a bit of a lecture before ye go. In the next room there's a 20-to-1 shot just dropped in under the wire three lengths ahead of the field. Is this the way ye waste your husbands' money instead of helping earn it? Home wid yez! The lid's on the ice-cream freezer in this precinct."

Claude Turpin's wife was among the patrons of the raided room. He led her to their apartment in stern silence. There she wept so remorsefully and besought his forgiveness so pleadingly that he forgot his just anger, and soon he gathered his penitent golden-haired Vivien in his arms and forgave her.

"Darling," she murmured, half sobbingly, as the moonlight drifted through the open window, glorifying her sweet, upturned face, "I know I done wrong. I will never touch ice-cream again."

"I forgot you were not a millionaire. I used to go there every day. But to-day I felt some strange, sad presentiment of evil, and I was not myself. I ate only eleven saucers."

"Say no more," said Claude gently, as he fondly caressed her waving curls.

"And you are sure that you fully forgave me?" asked Vivien, gazing at him entreatingly with dewy eyes of heavenly blue.

"Almost sure, little one," answered Claude, stooping and lightly touching her snowy forehead with his lips.

"I'll let you know later on. I've got a month's salary down on Vanilla to win the three-year-old steeplechase to-morrow, and if the ice-cream hunch is to the good you are it again—see?"

THE END

Twinkle, Twinkle

BARBARA STANWYCK'S real name is Ruby Stevens, and she was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 16, 1907. She is of Scotch-Irish parentage, and she was educated in Brooklyn schools. In those days she played in the basketball team. She also was prominent in High School dramatics.

Her earliest ambition was to be a dancer just like Isadora Duncan, but she was offered no encouragement. During her school days she passed through "an intense religious period" and wanted to become a missionary to China. In preparation for this career, she taught Sunday school.

Her first ambition to become a dancer, however, returned, and so she gave up the missionary idea for her first theatrical position in the chorus of a revue on the Strand Roof in New York.

Outside of her dramatic career, she is interested chiefly in Robert Taylor, and in writing in a mild sort of way. She would like to write a play of her own and play in the lead. Her interest in art, music and sculpture is vicarious. She likes to swim in the surf and take brisk walks. Indoors, she plays bridge and backgammon, but she is not an avid card player. Her favourite sport to watch is football, and she also likes boxing matches.

Barbara is 5ft. 5in. tall and weighs 120lbs. She has lively auburn hair and dark blue eyes. She has a rich, husky voice, and sings well, having sung in a number of films.

DICK GORDON.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

PRY MOOTS W
LOOSE DRAMA
ACRID DAVIT
N KNIT CENT
EVE AUNT N
TORN L SHOD
Y OMIT EWE
CART PUPA L
AGAIN BADGE
PENCE BLEAT
E TENBY RYE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13			14		
		15			16			
17	18			19			20	
21			22		23			24
			25		26		27	
28		29				30		
31					32			
33			34					
35					36			

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Youngster. 6 Boring. 10 Wine cask. 11 Early show. 12 Procure. 14 Steeping tanks. 15 Bunny pens. 17 Cold. 19 Cob. 21 Architectural style. 23 Knocks out. 25 Canoe. 27 Chart. 28 Traveling vendor. 30 Mineral. 31 Not concerned. 33 Bind. 34 Laugh furiously. 35 Chopped. 36 French friend.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Stubborn. 2 Nave. 3 Part of stamen. 4 Send forth. 5 Oatle farm. 6 Amuse. 7 Modest. 8 Permit. 9 For fear that. 13 Out loud. 16 Large number. 18 Clique. 20 Ordained. 22 Fuel. 24 Health resort. 26 Sphere of action. 28 Chief part. 29 Attracted. 30 Wise men. 32 Energy.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning

A "Splinter" to us is a mild with a dash of bitter. To damask-cheeked June Haver it may be something more painful—if she's not careful.



ROBBIE BURNS DRANK HERE. This is the famous TAM O' SHANTER Inn in High Street, Ayr. Here it was that Robert Burns first met Tam and his "drouthy cronie," Souter Johnny, sitting "bousin' at the nappy, and getting fu' and unco happy." Great days, happy days!



"See here, Kid, when Jack Dempsey took the ring he had hair all over his face. You'd be wise to wait till you had hair all over your head—at any rate."



MAORI GIRL CHEERS THE "ALL BLACKS."

It's a hundred years since British rule came to New Zealand and the Maoris are still happy! This lovely island in the Pacific is a paradisewhere even the British oak flourishes.



FILM OF THE WEEK. A scene from "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier." Some tough types seem to be taking a few minutes off from shooting Jap soldiers. Which is all right by us—and by Uncle Sam, too.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

